

FOR THE LOVE OF A FAITHLESS WOMAN

A Tale Part of Fact and
Just a Little Bit
of Fiction.

"But, sir, the ship is in no danger," reiterated the navigating officer. "I can see no reason for abandoning her in a smooth sea, when she has made only two feet of water."

"Silence sir!" replied Commander Henryk. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

And as he said this he strode to the weather side of the commanding bridge of the United States Armored cruiser Maria Teresa and gazed out over the stormy waters with an expression on his face that was not pleasant to see.

The navigator stepped back under the lee of the superstructure and when his commander again approached he was out of sight.

"What the devil does it all mean?" mumbled the navigator to himself.

"Prepare to abandon ship," came the next command from the bridge of the Maria, and in a very short time, the temporary company of the lately raised pride of the Spanish Navy, were pulling across the cable length of a small black water toward the little light-house tender, which was accompanying the prize to the port in Virginia, where she was to be permanently repaired and added to the strength of the American Navy.

There were tears in the eyes of a boyish appearing naval cadet as he sat in the stern-sheets of the Chief engineer's boat and watched the lines of the beleaguered vessel grow indistinct as she heeled over in the sea-way and started to drift down upon the shore of a low-lying island which was dimly visible about a league to leeward.

"I wonder what ails the Old Man," he whispered to the lieutenant at his side.

"Don't bother your head about matters which do not concern you, Willson," return the officer addressed.

But at the same time all the officers of the ship were wondering why Commander Henryk adopted the action of abandoning the cruiser under his command and had taken to his boats when there appeared to be no very good reason for so doing.

True, the ship had suffered from the fearful shell-fire of Schley's fleet and was not the seaworthy, dangerous craft which had caused so much uneasiness in the coast cities of the United States. She had a great hole in her starboard bow and was considerably damaged in her upper-works, but from the standpoint of the safety of the crew, there could be no valid reason for cutting adrift this vessel of all

vessels that the American people wished to have, handle and possess.

The commander seemed to realize his position for he was a thorough navigator and had earned his promotion from the grade of Lieutenant by his gaunt conduct when on the U. S. ship Vandalia, in the harbor of Apia. On that occasion, he was the officer who in a spirit of daredevilry had ordered the ship's band to play "God Save the Queen" as the stout British man-of-war Calliope steamed past the distressed Vandalia, unable to more than maintain headway against the typhoon which caused the undoing of the American vessel. He was an accomplished seaman, a gallant officer and he possessed another qualification which fitted him eminently for the command of the captured pride of the Spanish Navy.

But the commander kept his own counsel and said nothing and all the while, the Maria was slower drifting out of the range of vision.

Two weeks before the wave of disappointment rolled over the United States as a result of the loss of the ex-Spanish cruiser in a "storm" off Cat Island while she was proceeding to the Navy-yard for repairs there was a grand ball given in one of the legations at Washington. It was not a strict official function, but was largely attended by the members of the various legations. Among the guests, was a beautiful dark-eyed girl whose semi-mourning dress attracted as much attention from the visiting diplomats as those of the other hundred of Washington's belles, who flitted through the rooms of the building and laughed and flirted as pretty women will wherever they are met.

She of the dark eyes was not dancing and returned the same answer to all the young men who craved to tread a measure with her.

"I have a headache, this evening," she said.

While an attaché of the British legation was standing and talking to her and she in a bored sort of way was attempting to listen to his inanities, a door at the further end of the room opened and Hobart Ellis of the Navy Department entered and walked toward the fair. The young Englishman had not seen him come in and kept up his endeavors at entertainment.

Not so with the lady, for as soon as the door had opened she was on the alert and when she caught a glimpse of the official she dropped her eyes and did not raise them again until Ellis stood close to her.

"Of course it is a shame that the ship—Oh, how do you do Mr. Ellis," said the Briton, when the American made his presence known.

"We were just speaking about," but by this time Ellis with the lady on his arm was halfway across the room and headed for the conservatory.

"That's a rum go," said the deserted one. "I wonder what's up."

"Ysabel, I cannot." Thus spoke Hobart Ellis.

"I cannot do as you wish. I love you

with all my heart, but there are things which an official of this government must place above even the wish of the woman he would gladly die to please.

"Ask me something else, ask me anything else but what might prove to be treachery to my country."

"Oh, I know darling girl, that you would not cause me any trouble, that it is only a whim of your dear little head, but you must remember that this country is at war with Spain and that the official ciphers and codes are trusted to me in the department and not even for you, could I be so negligent as to lose my key. I fear nothing for myself as you may prove if you will, but give up your dangerous study of code ciphers and will test my statement in some other way."

"Ysabel, you surely do not mean it. You would rather have me violate my better nature than to give up your whim?"

"Think it over—I love you—your form is always before my eyes. Could you love a man who would violate his own honor?"

He came even closer to her and extended his arm over the back of the settee upon which they were sitting. He touched her shoulders with the sleeve of his coat. The woman shuddered at the contact, but as she felt the strong arm encircling her, she settled back and allowed him to do as he pleased.

She was beautiful. Her figure, slightly less than the average in point of height, was softly fashioned. She was in the first flush of her glorious womanhood—perhaps 20 years old—perhaps 25. What does it matter?

Her hair was that peculiar blue-black tint, so frequently found among the daughters of Castilian and so seldom anywhere else in the world.

Her face was rather too broad across the brow and maybe there was a little too much fullness of the lower lip which might have indicated masculine strength or possibly it was only the sign of another and a delightful feminine characteristic.

Her face had been colorless except as to her full lips during the early portion of the evening. But now as she rested her head against Ellis' shoulder, with her firefly eyes half closed, as if in anticipation, there was a delicate flush on the smooth cheeks and she seemed to nestle closer within the circle of his arm.

He bent his head toward her—she made a little inconsequential movement to release herself, but he held her fast. Her breath touched his cheek and neck and seemed to electrify him so that he momentarily lost control of himself.

"But I will always love you if you will do this for me. You are strong and you can do anything, why should you hesitate to gratify the first request to you I have ever made?" She whispered her words with an almost babyish lip. In all our future life it is I who will obey," and she smiled up at him with the expression of an angel from heaven or else—but why think of unpleasant things?

He was yielding, weak man, he was

actually wavering in his duty to his country. To be sure it was only a harmless whim. His beautiful bride-to-be merely wished to try his love for her. She only wanted to test him—that was all. No man, even a government official should have any secrets from his wife and Ysabel Carrara had promised to be his wife. There could surely be no harm in gratifying her desire. Thus he reasoned with himself, while he was under the influence of her perfumy breath and the sensation of contact with her beautiful form.

His head was swimming. He gasped once convulsively and then placed his lips on hers and forgot that there was anybody else in the world.

Don Emilio Sanchez lolled back in his easy chair on the veranda of his country house at Barcelona. He wore a satisfied expression of contentment. That was strange too, for a high cabinet official of hard-pressed Spain, just at the moment when the conquering Yankees—Don Emilio called them by another name, were forcing a hard bargain on his defeated country. He was actually as near chuckling as the Spaniard can come. He smiled and smiled and whenever he took his cigarette from his lips he really showed a flash of his white teeth.

"Oh, this is too good," he soliloquized. "The little mix. And she loves me and would not be happy until she sees me again."

Well "Carissima Mia" it will likely be a long time before you see me again, and a longer time "if I see you coming first." For Sanchez during his long diplomatic service in the United States had learned some of the picturesque patois of the streets. "Oh, the thick-headed pigs," he said to himself. "What idiots. Let themselves be fooled by a—faugh—what's the use."

Of course Commander Henryk was investigated and the circumstances of his excuses were made known at the time of the trial. But the whole private official blame for the loss of the Maria Teresa was shouldered on Hobart Ellis. Henryk had received a dispatch, ordering him to abandon his ship in a place where she could not possibly be extricated and after trying to verify his instructions was obliged to sail from Santiago without having done so, on account of a broken link of the cable.

He had fulfilled the instructions to the letter. When he arrived at Washington he made a detailed report of the case.

For the sake of governmental prestige, the real facts were suppressed and the loss of the ship was attributed—just as it was by the public press of the country—to a storm at sea.

When the body of Ellis was found in his apartments, the day after the news of the wrecking of the Maria Teresa reached Washington, nobody but the high officials suspected him of having had a hand in the matter. Did I say no one? I meant no one, but Ysabel Carrara.

BUSY WORK OF THE TELEPHONE GIRLS

They Sometimes Answer Twelve Thousand Calls a Day.

NIGHT BUSINESS IS VERY QUIET

REPORTERS, REVELERS AND THE SICK TAKE UP MOST OF THE TIME.

One Operator Says She Would Rather Have Men Call Her "Dearie" Than To Be Real Mean and Swear at Her.

HONOLULU is not a night town. The people go early to bed and when the midnight hour is at hand, the town is still with the stillness of a New England village. An occasional arc-light, twinkling among the palms, is about all there is to let a belated newspaperman or a late reveler or a messenger in search of a physician, know that the town is not dead—only sleeping.

After 11 o'clock, the pedestrians are few and far between, the streets are deserted to the semi-occasional policeman and the owl-cab, and the quiet respectable portion of the community, except of course the newspapermen, are wrapped in the first sweet slumber of the night. Even the hello-girls at the Mutual Telephone Company's office, have a little resting spell. The mere fact that the hello-girls, after an early hour of the evening are replaced by hello-boys and they do the resting, really makes no difference, except to the girls who get no chance to do anything in that line. The girls are kept very busy during the day, especially on steamer days. From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, the buzz of the indicator and the peevish call of the grumpy subscriber makes her little life a burden to her.

During the dead watch from 1 o'clock until 4, the lines of the company practically go out of business. Sometimes there is a lull for a period of two hours at a stretch, without a single switch, but more often the calls come in, about every 15 minutes all through the night. It is very disagreeable to have to sit up and answer these calls and if the boys play poker, as some of the subscribers assert, it must be very troublesome to get up from the table to answer a call when

there is a jack-pot under discussion. Superintendent Corcoran, says that the boys do not play poker and in fact never were introduced to the mysterious of the stufal game.

Mr. Corcoran described the varying amount of the business handled by the company during the different hours of the day. He said:

"A good average day's business done by this office would be in the neighborhood of 5000 switches. On steamer days I suppose that there are sometimes as many as 12,000 calls. Fully 90 per cent. of the calls are made between 8 o'clock in the morning and 6 o'clock at night. After 6 o'clock business with the telephone lines is very steady and regular but lessens in volume by degrees, until about 10 o'clock when it practically ceases until the sun is up."

The first calls in the morning hours are from the residence districts and nearly 8 o'clock there are few business calls. But by 9 o'clock the men who occupy the offices down town, the grocers and butchers and bakers in all parts of the city are ready for business and from that hour until the business houses are closed for the day, the little bell in the office is never silent.

At noontide the calls are almost incessant, but long about 3 o'clock there comes a little lull except on steamer day, and the operators have a chance to breathe. People not engaged in the telephone business can hardly realize what it means to sit before one of the switch-boards and answer calls for hours at a time, but in the main the subscribers are considerate, although sometimes I have no doubt that both the subscriber and the operator think they are being misused. The girls are only worked as a rule for four hours at a stretch. The first gang of the 26 operators comes on at 7 o'clock and remains on duty until 11. Then a relief watch takes their places, while the first division goes to luncheon or to rest. Some of the first watch returns in the afternoon. At 8 o'clock all the regular day force is released and young men take the positions at the boards. There are three of them and they stay on duty until the first watch is ready for business in the morning.

We have a place prepared for the girls to go and rest at any time of the day, and we keep a relief operator always ready to take the place of an absentee. The room is large and light and there is a couch provided for their use. The girls are mostly young and live with their parents. They are good girls, for this company could not use other. They are pleasant and bright and in spite of statements to the contrary, seem to be perfectly satisfied with their positions. There are any number of applications for positions on file with me, which would seem to indicate that the job of hello-girls is not all thorns and without any sunshine.

"The character of the night business?" Oh, I could not think of passing out professional secrets. What do you think it is? Yes, I suppose there are some 'dates' made early in the evening. And I should not wonder if the

cab calls made up a portion of the early morning trade. Of course some physicians are summoned over the phone during these hours but you newspapermen do most of the business after 1 o'clock.

One of the operators was seen at the foot of the stairs leading to the office of the company and talked quite freely about way the people of this city carry on business over the phone.

"I have been employed by the company for nearly seven months and during that time I have not had any great cause for complaint. It is very trying to have men call you 'dearie' and 'sweetheart' and 'honey' when you can't even see whether they are good-looking or not. Just imagine, there is one man who really invents a new name for me whenever he calls up, its perfectly awful."

"Why don't I report it? Oh, I don't know. I think it is much better than to have them saying nasty things to you and swearing at you."

"Well, I must be going to work—so long."

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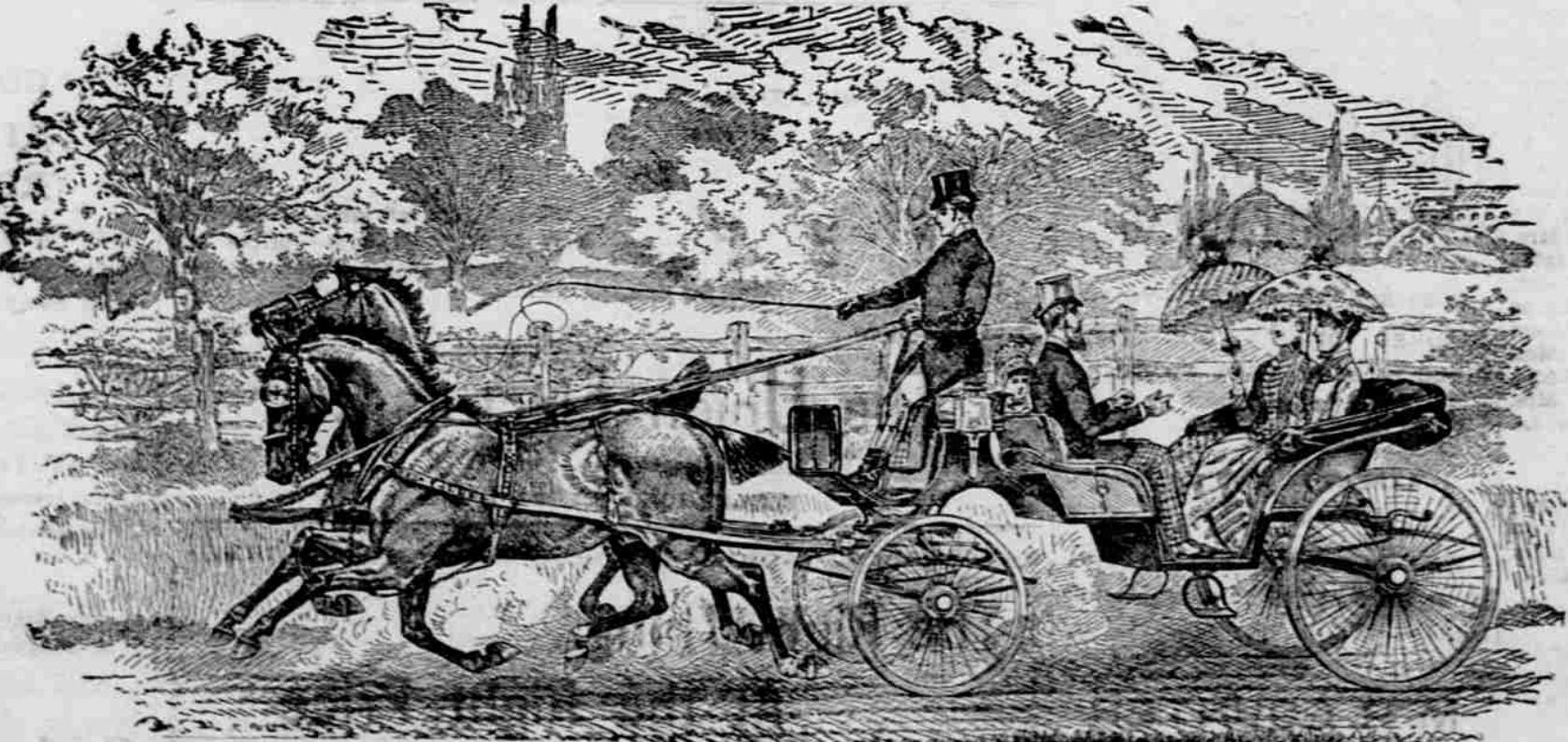
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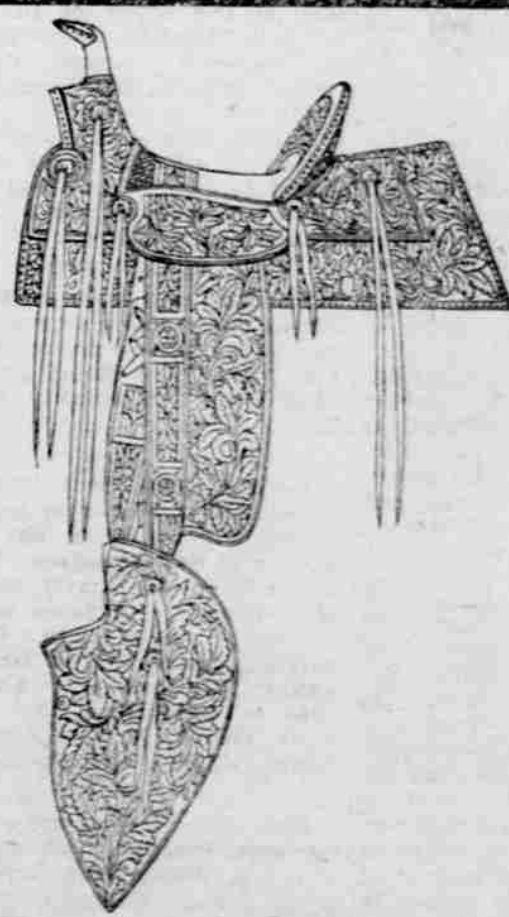


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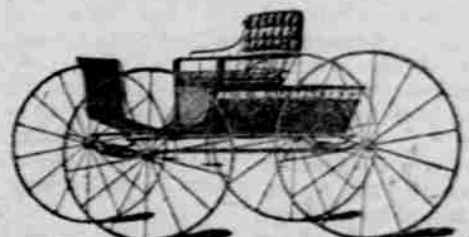
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